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WHEN EARLINGTON,

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS, and rain A gleam from a lamp again to swerve over the stretching showed me just for one moment a face at my shoulder. It was but a flash of light that showed it me, but that face to have a sound, a tiny shot. The figures were too far for discerning to have the stretching waste. From this visioned pantomime presently came a sound, a tiny shot. The figures were too far for discerning to have the stretching waste. From this visioned pantomime presently came a sound, a tiny shot. The figures were too far for discerning to have the stretching waste.

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Bernard Drug Store, Earlington, and

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE plaster. At last I found a shutter aunk in the walk and I knew it must be the



wealth. He was taken ill in January, and being old and infirm, the severe veather was too strong an antagonist or the doctors to light against, so they gave up the contest and told Mary Wat-

son she must lose no time in sending for my father or myself, as his end was So the ill news traveled very slowly to Holt court in Yorkshire, our home. Snow laid very deep that winter, and the coaches had great difficulty in getting through their stages, espe-cially in the north, and it was four days from the sending to the receipt of the summons to the death-bed of my

What a wearying journey that was; stopping time after time at the posthouses while clearings were made in the snow, horses falling, and wheels elogged. A long dreary time of it we all had. At last we saw the spires and high roofs of London, standing out shronded by the feaden sky. It was dusk when we arrived in the city; and leaving my traveling bag at the King Lud inn, I hastened to my uncle's house. He lived in Lambeth, in one of the then good old houses at the rear of the palace. So soon as I reached the house I knew that all my haste had been in vain, for death was written in

I found poor Mary Watson in deep sorrow, antiously awaiting my arrival, for my uncle had died the previous day. I talked long with Mary concerning my uncle's illness and death, and was much touched by the good creature's relation of his anxiety to see me-to whom, by the way, he had left all his property, with the exception of a few legacies, not forget-ting his trustworthy old servant, Mary -his living message to me when he was passing away, and his great wish

All this seemed very sad to me, for it was my first experience of taking a way pendear to me, and when I saw his quiet nd careworn face marked in death, I feltawid and strange Athongh Mary present my forstoy the night, I could not: and, though tired, decided to face the stormy night in preference to sleep-ing in the homestone sted by death. So, wrapping my cloa's round me, and bidding Mary good-night. I ventured on

my way to the city. Have you ever experienced the presentiment of coming will? Nearly all of as have some time in our lives. A strange and strong feeling came over me, and a warning voice whispered: "Tura back; do not venture!" I was half-inclined to liston and obey, and the rain and win f best on me as if to sult of excitement and the surrounding circumstances to one unaccustomed to

through the sleet and driving wind The streets in these days were but dows of houses abutting on the roadway were the only lights. Part of my Address J. F. Draughton, Pres't, Nashville, way lay by the lanes close to the river,



by wharves, and sheds, and hovels

where the riverside workers lived. It was just upon midnight, and I heard atchman's voice calling out the hour. Turning out of one of these by-lanes,

shot eyes hungry for prey. Suddenly the man sprang upon me, and throwing me down with my face in the mud pinioned my arms behind me. I was

helpless. I shouted, but the folds of my cloak about my head muffled the ery. Pulling me up, he struck me cruelly in the face, muttering that if 1 called for help he would kill me. I was paralyzed, for the wretch had me at his mercy. Taking me by the arms be pushed me forward down the narrow lane at the corner of which we stood, down a flight of steps and along a dark

passage. Taking a key from his posket unlocked a door and pushed me in. locked it, and dragged me up a broken and uneven flight of stairs. Arriving at the top he unfastened another door, and, holding it open, pitched me into the room. There were steps into this room, and I stumbled and fell headlong on the floor. Cursing and threatening that if I stirred he would kill me, I heard him lock the door, descend the stairs, and look the outer door. I sat up and listened. All was dark as Ercbus, not a sound could I hear but the

for thus imprisoning me.

storm. At last, after lying some min-utes, which seemed hours, I tried to wrench the rope which tied my hands. Fear gave me strength, and at length at my arms free, but the exertion commuch for me; I fainted bling and myself. I stood up, tremme, and I am All was dark around that I should the dark around that I should the dark around that I should the dark around the state of the strength of the dience, and sank again.

that I should fally dare move, fearing pit or trap. Thoughts some treacherous mind of stories I had through my sons being kidraped for the percept their bodies for dissection, and I wondered what object this fiend had for thus imprisoning use

there be a way cound for the children

covering to a window. Like lightning my hands sought for the bar, and with T was in the year 1831.

I was summoned to the panel, and found it opened on a narrow

moned to the great city by my Uncle Robert's old house keeper, Mary Watson. I was my uncle's far-orite, and had been led to be lieve I should be the inheritor of the greater part of his



SNATCHED THE COVERING FROM FACE

cound, and saw, by the faint glimmer of light that came across the room from the broken window, a heap of some thing on the ilbur, and knew by instinct that that something was a hu-

Torner run through the with an ley shudder, and erecping across the floor I looked nearen. It was the body of a woman, A shawl was thrown over the head and shoulders, and I could not see the face. Fear lent me cour age, and stooping down I snatched the covering from the face. Great heavens! Morder had been done; the face, once beautiful; was stained with

blood. I touched it. It was warm, I spoke, I called, but it answered not, nor moved. I realized momentarily the plot into which I had been dragged. The wretch had chosen me as a victim to be accused of the murder which he had committed. My head reeled, the surroundings stupefied me. Rushing to the broken window I again and again shouted for help, breaking the broken assment with my bleeding hands. Would help never come? It seemed a lifetime of torture. At last my car enuglit, amid the roaring of the call. A watchman hast heard my cries and came up the passage underneath the window. I told him as well as I ould from my prison, that I was foreibly locked in and begged him to get a sistance and release me. He went Again suspense. I dare not nove, I dare not bolt round on that fearful sight again. At last I heard the sound of many feet, the bursting open of a door, the tramping upstairs, then the door of my prison was broken the rain and win f best on me as if to open, and a light carried by the drive me back; but I felt it was the re-watchman and his fellows, shone on

they found to be now dead. I was detained by them. After this all cerms as a dream to me. I recollect that I saw a white-haired old gentleman there. I remember a cell, a magistrate's court and many faces looking at me. Then I saw dear old Mary Watson, who cried over me and took me in a coach to my uncle's house. I learnt afterwards that I had told my story in a rambling way to the magistrate, and had mentioned my coming up to London to see my uncle before his death. They had also found some letters upon my person corsent a messenger to the house and brought Mary Watson. All this so clearly proved the truth of my statements that I was released unpunished

by law, but earrying away with me the burden of a shattered constitution. The terrors of that night brought on a severe illness and for days I lay in lelirium, fancying myself a prisoner in that masty room with a dead body and the storm howling around me. Change and good nursing, thanks to dear old Mary, brought me round; but time can never cross from my memory the tortures that I passed through, and when it recurs to my mind the same ley tremor runs through my now feeble

THE PROMISED LAND. An Emigrant Pantity on the Plain Moving I became aware that footsteps were these galloping deto were hard to following me. I could see no one, the count-down in the distant bottom night was too dark, but I heard these across the river. Their swiftly moving

footsteps gradually gaining on me. I dust hung with them close, thinning could not hurry, it was as much as I could do to keep my footing on the slippery stones and in the mud, but as these footsteps came nearer and nearer and did not attempt to pass me I felt evil accompanying them. At last I stopped battling with the wind and rain. A gleam from a large again to serve over the stretching cous face with every feature and line harm, and was repeated at once. Soon, marked with villainy, and the blood- for no visible reason, the dots run together, bunching compactly. The shooting stopped, the dust rose thick again from the crowded hoofs, cloaking the group, and so passed back and was lost among the silent, barren hills. Four emigrants had watched this from the high bleak gim of the Big Bend. They stood were the flat of the desert broke and titled down in grooves and

bulges deep to the larking Columbia. Empty levels lay opposite, narrowing up into the high country "That's the Colville reservation neross the river from us," said the man.

"Anotherf" sighed his wife.

"The last Indians we'll strike. Our trail to the Okanagon goes over a mother looked at her little girl and back where the cloud had gone, "Only a corner, Lizz. The ferry puts ns over on it, and we've got to go by the ferry or stay this side of the

They had driven twenty-one hun-dred miles at a walk. Standing by them were the six horses with the wagon, and its tunnelled roof of canvas shone duskily on the empty yorgo of the wilderness. A dry windless air bung over the fable-land of the Big Bend, but a sound rose from some where, floating voluminous upon the

Columbia. You wouldn't want to start

"Rapid ?" The man pointed far up the giant rut of the stream to where a streak of white water twinkled at the foot of the hills "We've struck the river too high," he idded. "Then we don't cross here?" said the

with careful steps and hands outstretched, I found the wall and felt my with and the ferry ought to be five Texas

wondering, John- Wouldn't

band, "that ain't like you. We've crossed plenty Indian reservations this

trip a'ready."
"I don't want to go round," the little girl said. "Father, don't make me go Mart, the boy, with a loose hook of

hair hanging down to his eyes from his hat, did not trouble to speak. He had been disappointed in the westward journey to find all the Indians peace-ful. He knew which way he should go now, and he went to the wagon to look once again down the clean barrel of his "Why, Nancy, you don't like In-

dians?" said her mother. "Yes, I do. I like chiefs." Mrs. Ciallam looked across the river "It was so strange, John, the way they acted. It seems to get stranger, think ing about it. They didn't see us. They didn't But if we're going right over?"

"We're not going over there, Liza. That quick water's the Mahkin Rapids, and our ferry's clear down below from this place. "What could they have been after, do you think?" Those chaps? O, nothing, I guess.

They weren't killing anybody."
"Playing cross-tag," said Mart.
"I'd like to know, John, how you know they weren't killing anybody. They might have been trying to." Then we're perfectly safe, Liza. We can set and let 'em kill us all day.'

"Well, I don't think it's any kind of

way to behave, running around shootug right off your horse. And Fourth of July over, too," said Martin from the wagon. He was putting cartridges into the magazine of his Winchester. His common sense told him that those liorsemen would not cross the river, but the notion of a night attack pleased the imagination of sixteen.

"It was the children," said Mrs. Clal-lam. "And nobody's getting me any wood. How am I going to cook supper?

wood. How am I going to cook suppor?

Stir yourselves!"

They had carried water in the wagon, and father and son went for wood. Some way down the hill they came upon a gully with some dead brush, and climbed back with this. Supper was eaten on the ground, the horses were watered, given grain, and turned loose to find what pickings they might in the lean growth, and dusk had not turned to dark when the emigrants were in their beds on the soft dust — Owen Wister, in Harper's Magazine. Owen Wister, in Harper's Magazine.

countries, in the course of the last few called. Yes, it was no answer to my call. A wntehman bust beard my cries and came up the presented my cries and shortly after at 11 o'clock and shortly after 8 were wrapped in siumber. In the Northumberland House Book of 1513 it is set forth that the family rose at 6 in the moraing. breakfasted at 7, dined at 10 and supped at 4 in the afternoon. The gates were all shut at 9 and no further ingress or egress permitted. In 1570 at the University of Oxford it was usual to dine at 11 o'clock and sup at 5 in the afternoon. The dinner hour, which open, and a light, carried by the watchman and his fellows, shone on me. I told them how I had been brought to the place; and explained my 10 .- Chicago Herald.

"Leave me now, Lobelia," said Mr. across his forehead. "I wish to be alone for the next hour or two." "What is the matter, Billiger?" inquired Mrs. McSwat, with some anxi-

"I have got to consult a railway guidel" groaned the unhappy man. COMMONSENSE Chicago Tribune.

Limits of Street-Car Service. Upton (looking from his office window)-Phew! What a storm! The walking will be terribly bad by the ment will be found time I start home. Friend-I thought the street cars oassed your house.

Upton-Y-e-s, but they never run when the walking is bad.--N. Y. Weekly. The guest at the hotel table had been kicking about the food until he got tired and then he commenced on

the weather. "Don't you have any change of casons here?" he inquired of the 'Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "If

rou don't like pepper you can try salt.'
- Detroit Free Press.

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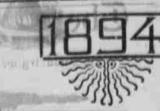
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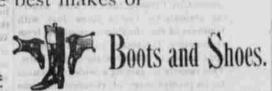
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